

mine was sold the colliers and salters went with it to the purchaser. That was slavery indeed. This reminds me of the contrast between our slavery and theirs. Away back in the 40's when Col. Farish Carter was farming on the Coosawattee river in Gordon county, he had over two hundred slaves working for him. They were all contented and happy—every family had a neat cottage with room enough for all. To every cottage was attached a liberal piece of ground for a garden, besides ground for chickens and ducks and a sow and pigs. The cabins were all white-washed and had brick chimneys. Ample time was given for washing their clothes, and every negro old enough to understand, had to attend church on the Sabbath. He employed a white minister by the year, and besides preaching this minister had to give them instruction in the Bible and its commandments. These negroes were devoted to their master and his family, and never was a fine trout caught in the river by night or a possum in the woods, but what it was their pride and pleasure to take it to “old master.” In that case, slavery was a patriarchal institution, and when the old Colonel died the chief of his slaves were his pallbearers, and all the rest mourned him as their best friend.